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THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

50c a Year.

VOL. 1.

THE CITIZEN

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IDEAS.

Pretension isn't natural; nature never pretends.

Some people are so aristocratic that they don't even have common sense.

It is an education for a man or woman to read a good paper.—Subscribe for the **CITIZEN**.

When a man is willing to admit his ignorance he is beginning to acquire wisdom.

The "free school" begins early in July, and it is already time to begin to see to it that every child shall be ready to go the first day.

Dr. Wallace Nutting, of Providence, R. I., will deliver the Commencement Address, June 6th.

Foreign News.

About 40,000 died of bubonic plague in India last week.

Turkey has increased certain duties, giving as a reason the bad condition of its finances.

Part of Gen. Brabant's army reached Bushman's Kop, near Wepener, Saturday night. After fighting all day Sunday they opened the way to Wepener.

Turkey keeps putting off with promises the United States' demands for compensation for the American missionaries whose property was destroyed in the Armenian massacres.

National News.

Municipal elections occur in Cuba June 16.

The House is considering the post office appropriation bill this week.

American money is to be substituted for Cuban, at the rate of 60 cents a peso.

Work is rapidly progressing on the democratic convention hall at Kansas City.

It is announced that the Nicaraguan Canal bill will be considered by the House May 1 and 2.

In skirmishes about Manila last week, 378 Filipinos were killed, and 12 officers and 244 men captured.

The republican convention of Alabama split and nominated two delegations to the national convention, last week.

Colored students in Atlanta are boycotting the street car lines, because they have been restricted in their use of them.

Owing to recent developments in the South it is thought that a Constitutional Amendment may be made, disfranchising the ignorant negro voter.

Tennessee has just had two republican conventions, one by the Evans faction and the other by the Brownlow party. Both nominated Governors.

The Cuban census, just completed, gives the total population as 1,572,797. The whites are more numerous than the blacks, and the majority of the population consists of native Cubans.

Secretary of Agriculture Rivers has resigned as a result of his urging a union of all parties in Cuba in demanding independence. Other members of the Cuban cabinet are expected to resign.

The floods in the South, while abating in some places, are worse in others. Part of the L. & N. railroad bridge has been washed away at West Pascoona, Miss., and mail and passengers are transferred in skiffs.

Kentucky News.

A reunion of Confederate soldiers will be held in Louisville early in June.

In the Colson trial, which began last Wednesday, the evidence now seems to prove that Scott fired the first shot.

Miners in the west Kentucky coal district who have been out on a strike will all return to work and receive an advance in wages.

Locals and Personals.

A. S. Mann arrived in town last Wednesday.

Prof. and Mrs. Teeters went to Cincinnati the first of the week.

Paul Dorthick left for his home near Cleveland, O., last Thursday.

Charley Hanson visited several of our neighboring cities last week.

W. A. Hubbard was a little under the weather the first of the week.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Matt Benge last Wednesday.

A brother of Prof. J. C. Teeters was in our city the first of the week.

Ladies' and Gents' bicycles for rent over Post-office. Inquire of J. C. Burnam.

Mrs. Short entertained her Sunday School class at her home last Saturday afternoon.

Miss Maud Cook gave an entertainment last week, in honor of Miss Sadie Jones, of Danville.

B. R. Titus left for the north last week where he will secure a position as waiter on a steam boat.

W. H. Webster and nephew, Fred Keller, left yesterday for Webster, N. Y., where they will make their home.

State Bond papers are extra fine for correspondence purposes, they are extra cheap also. At the printing office.

Mr. Irvine Baker, of near Kingston, and Mrs. Nannie Gillen, of this city, were united in marriage by Rev. Dorthick last Tuesday.

Every father and mother is interested in having the best kind of a teacher in the home district this coming summer.

The most complete line of fine papers, pads, pencils, cardboards, etc., etc., is at the printing office. Our prices are sensibly low.

The worst temper in the world is the unrelenting, hard, unresponsive temper, which plumes itself, on never forgetting an injury.—May Ladies' Home Journal.

Even the most vigorous and hearty people have at times a feeling of weariness and lassitude. To dispel this feeling take Herbine; it will impart vigor and vitality. Price, 50 cts., 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Jas. Washburn, who was called home by the illness of his mother, returned to school last Saturday. His mother died week ago last Sunday, and his brother and sister will not return to school this Spring.

Many people suffer untold tortures from piles, because of the popular impression that they cannot be cured. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will cure them. It has met with absolute success. Price, 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

"Not as long as I am alive" Mr. Moody used to say when it was proposed to link his name with any of the institutions founded by him; but now, in order to perpetuate his memory, the trustees of his school for training Christian workers at Chicago have changed its corporate name to "The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago." In the reorganization that has been effected, Fleming H. Revell, the well-known publisher, has been elected vice-president. Twenty five of the leading Christian men and women of this country and Canada will be invited to serve as a Board of Managers.

Colonel Copeland.

Colonel Copeland will give his crowning lecture, "The Future of the Republic," at the Chapel Saturday night, May 5th. Make your plans to be there. Admission 15 and 15 cents.

Bible Society.

The Berea Auxiliary Bible Society held its annual meeting at the Chapel last Sunday evening. A good number was present and Rev. Dorthick gave an interesting address.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., Rev. Geo. Ames; Vice pres., J. P. Bicknell; Secy., Prof. L. V. Dodge; Tres., and Depository, T. A. Robinson; Executive Committee, the above officers and C. A. Van Winkle, C. A. King, and Rev. C. H. Palmer.

Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1900.

50c a Year

NO. 45.

A PROCLAMATION OF ECONOMY for the Spring and Summer Season in Men's and Boys' Fine Stylish Made CLOTHING!

We are prepared to cloth you with the Lowest-priced, rightly made, absolutely all wool Clothing in America. Rightly-made, as it is of famous "Vitale" Brand the only ready to wear Clothing Tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear-resisting, because the inside, the "Vitale," the very life of the garment, is carefully in making, represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready to wear Clothing. The fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us, in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our Clothing at

LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade Clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple: Ours is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our Clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume or business. The more Clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nut-shell.

COVINGTON & MITCHELL

RICHMOND - KENTUCKY



Dennison's Specialties are needed in every place of business and nearly every home.

At the Printing-office.

Burnin' Bresh.

When ol' sugar weather's gone
An' the spring a comin' on
Frogs a croak in right away
Never stoppin' night and day
Beach trees all a gittin' red
With big buds, an' overhead
How the sky begins to smile
Blue an' calm, in all the while
We keep cleanin'—chop 'n' slash
Down the trees, 'n' pile the brush
So that hit will all git dry,
Fit for burnin', by an' by.

When the grass begins to grow,
An' the sari's bushes show
On the hill their blossomin' white,
Fore a bell gets a sight
Of the red bird's crimson hue,
Apple bloom, 'n' dog wood, too,
White-faced bees go hummin' 'round
'Trost the fields 'n' meadow ground,
Weigh out an' whoop 'n' sing
Some still ev'rin', raze a ring
In the leaves the while may 'round
Twist the fence 'n' our new ground.

Slowly creepin' down the night
Kind ol' biles the hills from sight.
Then it jus' a little while
We set fire to every pile,
'N' then I throw away my torch
An' watch how the blades scorch
Little twigs that snap an' smoke,
How the light begins to poke
Through the night, 'n' bright sparks now
From the heaps that shriek 'n' roar,
Till the hilltops stretch away
Lookin' 'most as bright as day.

I keep chunkin' up, an' drop
In some rock to hear 'em pop
When they hot. A lively breeze
Comes a-dartin' through the trees
'Round the pine, 'n' 'cross the ring:
An' 'fore we hardly do a thing,
Little blazes run along
Till the fence, 'n' then you bet
We'll just have to work 'n' sweat
Fightin' fire! An' when we've got
It all out in every spot,
We go down an' get a drink
O' cool water that I think
Beats the heller all to smash
That keeps a-gittin' fellers' cash.

Supper next, an' with sleepy head,
I go staggerin' to bed—
How a good snooze does refresh
A feller after burnin' bresh.

—MARION HAROLD FREDERICK.

Perry Pictures. We have just received a fine line of mounting board suitable for mounting Perry Pictures and other prints that you want to preserve. Our prices are very low. Boards cut to order. At the Printing-office. We also have the best photo paste in town.

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Old Coins.

I have several old American half-dollars dated 1800, 1822, and 1825, which I offer for sale.

J. L. AMBROSE, Berea, Ky.



The Secret

Of many a woman's beauty lies with the dentist. What is more entrancing than a pretty face and faultless teeth?

There is no good reason why your teeth should be out of order. We are selling the finest gold teeth for \$5.50. You can surely afford to pay that.

If your teeth need filling, we'll give you the finest work for 75 cents per tooth. If you ask our patients about our work, we feel sure you will be convinced of its genuine merit and fine quality.

A good set of artificial teeth for \$5. Special inducements for people from a distance.

V. H. HOBSON, Dentist.

Office—Ground floor, next door to Government building, Richmond, Ky. Office open at night.

—MARION HAROLD FREDERICK.

Field Day
is approaching!

LOSE NO TIME
In ordering your

Running Shoes,

Trunks, and other

Athletic Supplies

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HAROLD JOHNSTON

AGENT FOR THE

SPALDING Athletic and

Gymnasium Goods.

Prices Right.

... FOR CASH . .

Having adopted The CASH System, our prices have been reduced to meet the demands of the CASH trade. You can buy more goods for CASH than on credit.

Call and examine our large stock of Women and Men's fine Footwear and Gent's Furnishings at prices much lower than ever before.

Call and be Convinced.

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207 West Main Street, RICHMOND, KY.

The Berea Monument Co.

The result of good work and reasonable prices is that we now have customers in all parts of the State when you want

Anything in the monument line

Let us know and we will send you designs and prices

Headstones, \$6.00 up to any amount.

... Marble and Granite Monuments ...

At prices to suit the times. Material and work first-class.

JOHN HARWOOD, Prop. 7-500 Berea, Ky.

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For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies. **EVERY BOTTLED GUARANTEED**
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Sold by S. E. WELCH, Jr. 1-17-01

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Views about Berea a specialty. 6-28-00

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ATTENTION MILL MEN!

TRY our Small Dimension and Picket Mills for cutting Lath, Picket, Chair, and other Small Dimension Stock from the round block. Send for circulars.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right," is the law of the road; Make it a law of your moral code; In whatsoever you determine to do, Follow the road of the Good and the True, Follow and fear not; by day and by night, Up hill or down hill, "keep to the right." Doubt will assail you, temptation will come; "Keep to the right," for the right is the true; Doubt is a traitor, temptation a shame; A heart that is honest, a life without blame, Will rank you far higher, in worth and renown, Than the grandest of kings, with his scepter and crown.

"Keep to the right," in the journey of life, There is crowding and jostling, trouble and strife; The weak will succumb to the bold and the strong, And many go under and many go wrong; He will acquire himself best in the right Who shrinks not his duty, and "keeps to the right."

"Keep to the right," and the Right will keep you, In touch and accord with the Good and the True; These are the best things in life, after all, They make it worth living, whatever to fall, And Death has no terrors, when he comes to sight, For the man who determines to "keep to the right." —Charles W. Hubner, in Atlanta Constitution.



CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Nita, if it were only for Mr. Latrobe, I should not care a snap of my finger, but it's you—you! I thought you had more sense. I thought you fully understood that you couldn't afford to lose yourself a moment, and yet if ever a girl looked like yielding you did this very afternoon. For my sake, Nita, don't let it go any further—don't fall in love—here—whatever you do."

The younger sister stood at the dressing-table at the moment, her face averted. The Mary Powell was just rounding the point, and the mellow, melodious notes of her bell were still echoing through the Highlands. Nita was gazing out upon the gorgeous effect of sunset light and shadow on the eastern cliffs and crags across the Hudson, a flush as vivid mantling her cheeks, her lips quivering. She was making valiant efforts to control herself before replying.

"I'm not in love with him," she finally said.

"Perhaps not—yet. Surely I hope not, but it looks awfully like it was coming—and Nita, you simply mustn't. You've got to marry money if I have to stand guard over you and see you do it—and you know you can this minute—if you'll only listen."

The younger girl wheeled sharply, her eyes flashing. "Peggy, you promised me I shouldn't hear that hateful thing again—at least not until we left here—and you've broken your word—twice. You—"

"It's because I must. I can't see you drifting—the way I did when, with things have come so terrible sudden like. This time yesterday I was living your youth and—advantages, you can pick and choose. Col. Frost has money and money all over the west, and he was your shadow at the seashore, and all broken up; he told me so when we came here. Paddy Latrobe is a beautiful boy without a penny!"

"His uncle—" began Nita, feebly. "His uncle had a sister to support besides Paddy's mother. His pay as brigadier in the regular service is only \$3,500. He can't have saved much of anything in the past, and he may last a dozen years yet—or more. Even if he does leave everything then to Latrobe, what'll you do meantime? Don't be a fool, Nita, because I was. I had to be. It was that or nothing, and father was getting tired. You heard how he tripped."

The younger sister was still at the dressing-table diligently brushing her shining curly tresses. She had regained her composure and took occasional furtive peeps at Mrs. Frank, now seated at the foot of the bed, busy with a buttonhook and the adjustment of a pair of very dainty boots of white kid, whose buttons gleamed like pearls. The mates to them, half a size smaller, peeped from the tray of Nita's new trunk.

There came a footstep and a rap at the door. "See what it is, Nita, there's a love—I don't want to hear."

It was a card—a new arrival at the hotel.

"Gentleman said he'd wait in the parlor," said the bellboy, and vanished. Nita glanced at the card and instantly trouble stood in her paling face. Silently Mrs. Garrison held out her hand, took the card, and one quick look. The buttonhook dropped from her relaxed fingers. The card read:

"Mr. Gouverneur Prime."

For a second or two the sisters gazed at each other in silence.

At last the elder spoke. "In heaven's name, what brings that absurd boy back here? I thought him safe in Europe."

CHAPTER IX.

One of the most charming writers of our day and generation has declared that, "the truest blessing a girl can have" is "the ingenuous devotion of a young boy's heart." Nine mothers in ten will probably take issue with the gifted author on that point, and though no longer a young girl in years, what ever she might be in looks, Margaret

Garrison would gladly have sent the waiting gentlemen to the right about, for, though he was only 29, "Gov" Prime, as a junior at Columbia, had been ingeniously devoted to the little lady from the very first evening he saw her. A boy of frank, impulsive nature, was "Gov"—a boy still in spite of the budding mustache, the 20 summers and the barely passed "exam" that would up the junior year and entitle him to sit with the seniors when the great university opened its doors in October. Studies he hated, but tennis, polo, erleket, riding and dancing were things he loved and excelled in. Much of his boyhood had been spent in one of those healthy, hearty English schools where all that would cultivate physical and mental manhood was assiduously practiced, and all that would militate against them was as rigorously "tubbed."

At the coming of his twentieth birthday that summer his father had handed him a check of \$5,000—the paternal expression of satisfaction that his boy had never smoked pipe, cigar or cigarette—and the same week "Gov" had carried off the blue ribbon with the ruyket, and the second prize with the single sculls. It was during the "exams," the first week in June, when dropping in for the o'clock tea of some girls whom he had known for years, he was presented to this witching little creature whose name he didn't even catch. "We met her way out at an army post in Wyoming when papa took us to California last year," was whispered to him, "and they entertained us so cordially, and of course we said if ever you come to New York you must be sure to let us know—and she did—but—" and there his informant paused, dubious. Other callers came in and it began to rain—a sudden, drenching shower, and the little stranger from the far west was plainly enough that her hostesses, though presenting their friends after our cheery American fashion, were unable to show her further attention, and the newly presented—almost all women, said "so very pleased" but failed to look it, or otherwise to manifest their pleasure. She couldn't go in the rain. The butler had phoned for a cab. She wouldn't stay alone and neglected. She deliberately signaled Mr. Prime, "The ladies are all busy," she said, with a charmingly appealing smile, "but I know you can tell me. I have to dress for dinner after I get home, and must be at One Hundred and Tenth street at 7:30. How long will it take a carriage to drive me there? Oh, is that your society pin? Why, are you still in college? Why, I thought—"

That cab was 25 minutes coming, and when it came Mr. Prime went with it and her, whom he had not left an instant from the moment of her question. Moreover, he discovered she was nervous about taking that carriage drive all alone away up to the One Hundred and Tenth street, yet what other way could a girl go in evening dress? He left her at her door with a reluctantly given permission to return in an hour and escort her to the distant home of her friends and entertainers. He drove to the Waldorf and had a light dinner with a half pint of Hock, dined in with his eyes as they drove rapidly northward went to the Harlem theater while she dined and forgot him, and was at the carriage door when she came forth to be driven home. Seven hours or less "had done the business" so far as Gouverneur Prime was concerned.

It was the boy's first wild infatuation—as mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet intense as was ever that of Arthur Peacock for the lovely Utheringay. Margaret Garrison had never seen or known the like of it. She had fascinated others for a time, had kindled love, passion and temporary devotion, but this—this was worship, and it was something so sweet to her jaded senses, something so rich and spontaneous, that she gave herself up for a day or two to the delight of studying it. Here was a glorious young athlete whose eyes followed her every move and gesture, who hung about her in utter captivation, whose voice trembled not whose eyes implored, yet whose strong, heroic, shapeless hand never dared to touch hers, except when she extended it in greeting. He was to accompany his father and sister to Europe in a week, so what harm was there? He would forget all about it. He knew now she was married. He was presented to Nita, but had hardly a word and never a look for her when Margaret was near. He was dumb and miserable all the day they drove in the park and later dined at Delmonico's with Col. Frost. He was sick, even when mounted on his favorite English thoroughbred and scampering about the bridle path for peeps at the drives, when she was at the park again with that gray-haired reprobate, that money shark, Cashton—a Wall street broker black-balled at every decent club in New York. Why should she go with him? He had been most kind, she said, in the advice and aid he had given her in the investment of her little fortune. She told the lie with downcast eyes and cheeks that burned, for most of that little fortune was already frittered away, and Cashton's reports seemed to require many personal visits that had set tongues wagging at the hotels, so much frequented of the army, where she had taken a room until Nita should have been graduated and they could go to the seashore. She had promised to be at home to her boy admirer that very evening and to go with him to Daly's, and he had secured the seats four days ahead. Poor "Gov" had trotted swiftly home from the park, striving to comfort himself over his bath and irreproachable evening clothes that there, with her by his side, the wild jealousy of the day would vanish. Sharply on time he had sent a postcard and listened, incredulous, to the reply: "Mrs. Garrison has not yet returned." He would wait, he said, and did wait, biting his nails, straining the floor, fearing in doubt and despair until nearly ten, when a carriage dashed

up to the ladies' entrance and thatville Cashton handed her out, escorted her in and vanished. She came hurrying to her boy lover with both little hands outstretched, with a face deeply flushed and words of pleading and distress rushing from her lips. "Indeed I could not help it, too," she cried. "I told him of my engagement and said we must not go so far, but away at the north end something happened. I don't know what, a wheel was bent, and the harness wrenched by too short a turn on a stone post at a corner. Something had to be repaired. They said it wouldn't take ten minutes, and he led me out and up to the pinza of that big hotel—you know, we saw it the day I drove with you—"

"He was a blackguard to take you there!" burst in Prime, the blood boiling in his veins. "Then we waited and waited until he went to hurry them, and then he came back and said they had found more serious damages that it would take an hour, and meantime dinner had been ordered and was served. He had telephoned to you and the butler had answered all right."

"It's a double-dey'd liar!" raved "Gov," furiously.

"And so what could I do, 'Gov'?" The dinner was delicious, but I couldn't eat a mouthful. (This time it wasn't Cashton who lied.) I was worrying about you, and—and—and about myself, too, 'Gov.' It had set my heart on going with you. It was to be almost our last evening. Oh, if you only didn't have to sail Saturday, and could be here next week, you dear boy, you should have no cause for complaint. Won't you try to forgive me?"

And, actually, tears stood in her eyes as again she held out both hands. They were the only people in the parlor, and in an instant, with quick, sudden, irresistible action, he had clasped his hands over her face and struggled, passionate kisses were printed on her disheveled hair. It was the first time he had dared.

And then he did not sail Saturday. Prime, Sr., was held by most important business. They gave up the saturday

Concord and took the midweek White Star, and those four additional days riveted poor "Gov's" chains and left her well-nigh breathless with excitement. The strain had been intense. It was all she could do to make the boy try to behave in a rational way in the presence of others. When alone with her he raved. A fearful load was lifted from her spare little shoulders when the Teutonic sailed. Even Nita had

been a blackguard to take you there!" burst in Prime, the blood boiling in his veins. "Then we waited and waited until he went to hurry them, and then he came back and said they had found more serious damages that it would take an hour, and meantime dinner had been ordered and was served. He had telephoned to you and the butler had answered all right."

Then she placed her little hand on his arm, and drew herself to his side, and when he would have followed the others, going straight across the broad plain to the lights at the hotel, turned him to the left. "I'm going to take you all the way round, sir," she said, joyously. "Then we can be by ourselves at least ten minutes longer."

To the Standard

KISSED BY THE QUEEN.

Reminiscence of a Butler Who Was Highly Treated Distinguished Consideration.

"To be Knight of the Thistle is a big honor, of course," remarked Jim, the quartermaster sergeant amidst his compeers among some military men in Chatsworth, "but I can claim a distinction lots in front of that, of kissing hands with the queen, as they say of the custom observed by cabinet ministers when taking over the seals of office."

"You're chucking it, mon," observed a stalwart sergeant from the far north.

"Well," the veteran non-com, went on to explain, "the good fortune which be fell me was to be kissed by the queen," an intimation which caused the little party to gather round yet closer.

"You're having us, doc," observed a credulous corporal, "but if you want the hatched say so, for the present holder is fair entailed."

"No," the distinguished soldier, who claimed to be, contended, "it is you that's out of it, as you will see. You may have heard of my being the youngest English knight that took part in the tournament, and such fact secured for me a place among the survivors who were inspected by the queen, after peace was proclaimed."

"When the woman went by, son in chairs—"

"Quite so. Well, I was then a little flaxen-haired, red-cheeked, youngster small for my age, and I suppose I contrived a good deal with the worn veterans. When my turn came to please her majesty asked how old I was, and on replying a little over 12, at the same time giving quite the best salute possible, the queen said: 'Dear little fellow,' and then gave me a kiss on the cheek. So you see how I came to receive a gracious glinting which from generals downward no other soldier has ever been able to lay claim to. That honor's mine alone,"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Necessity.

A physician, returning from his daily rounds of visits, overheard two colored citizens conversing in a tawdry, plodding language from their train.

"Is you gwine to prahy meetin' dis evn'in," Jim?" asked one of the passengers.

"Yes, indeed! I is dat. Is you?" replied the other.

"You bet I is!" said the first. "I tell you, I consider religion ev'ry necces-sary ev'ry day!" Memphis Standard.

Soldiers and Capitalists.

Boards of the war department show that the whole amount paid by the government for its soldiers for all purposes, including bounty, commutation and pensions, since 1861 to June 30, 1890, is \$2,058,000,000. Treasury records show that the whole amount paid by the creditors and bondholders since 1861 to June 30, 1890, was \$3,769,000,000, or more than twice as much.—Chicago Tribune.

Terrible Order.

"If you'd been half an hour later," she said, "I don't know what I should have done."

"What happened?" he asked.

"Why, Mrs. Gadding, next door, has been in here with such an extraordinary surge and driving hard for home, with 'Gov' cursing her for a mean boat. The day after he reached New York he had turned and followed the White Sisters to West Point, and Margaret Garrison stared in mingled delight, triumph and dismay at the card in her hand; it light that she could show these exclusive pointers that the heir to one of the oldest and best families in Gotham's Four Hundred was a slave to her back and call dismayed to think of the scene

that might occur through his jealousy

when he saw the devoted attentions she received from so many men—officers, civilians and cadets. Old Cashton came up now as regularly as Saturday night came around, and there were others. Margaret Garrison was more talked about than any woman in Orange county, yet who could report anything of her beyond that she was universal favorite, and danced, walked, possibly flirted with a dozen different men every day of her life. There were some few people among her accusers, demure and most proper, even prudish women, of whom, were the truth to be told, so little could not be said.

"'Gov' took the only kind of room to be had in the house, so full was it—a little seven by ten box on the office floor. He would have slept in the collin rather than leave her. He saw her go off to the hop looking radiant, glancing back over her shoulder and smiling sweetly at him. He rushed to his trunk, dragged out his evening clothes and stood at the wall looking on until the last note of the last dance—he, a noted German leader in the younger set, and the best dancer of his years in Gotham. Not so much as a single spin had he, and he begged to show these tight-waisted, buttoned fellows in gray and white how little they really knew about dancing, as many of them appeared on the floor. His reward was tendered as the hop broke up. She came gliding to him with such witchery in her upraised face.

"Now, sir, it is your turn. I couldn't give you a dance, for my card was mad out days ago, but Mr. Latrobe was glad enough to get rid of taking me home. He is about that, and, of course

she can't let him take her for more than one hop a week. Mr. Stanton is her escort tonight."

Then she placed her little hand on his arm, and drew herself to his side, and when he would have followed the others, going straight across the broad plain to the lights at the hotel, turned him to the left. "I'm going to take you all the way round, sir," she said, joyously. "Then we can be by ourselves at least ten minutes longer."

To the Standard

WALTHAM WATCHES

Sir Joshua Reynolds when asked

by an ambitious young painter

with what he mixed his colors,

replied, "With brains, sir." So in

watch making; it is not alone

the value of the jewels that makes

a first class watch—it is the brains

that have planned its construction.

Mechanical skill and knowledge

have made Waltham Watches the

best in the world.

Waltham Watches are for sale by all retail jewelers.



"Would you like to do to her at once?"



WABASH

Wonderfully Convenient

Poor connections are the bane of traveling. Here are some good ones. Trains from the Southeast which reach St. Louis in the evening, without exception arrive between six o'clock and twenty-five minutes past seven. At half-past seven the Wabash "Cannon Ball" leaves for Omaha—that's one good one.

At 7:55 next morning you are in Omaha (via any other route not much before noon). At 8:20, only twenty-five minutes after you arrive, the "Overland Limited" starts for Ogden, Salt Lake, Butte, Helena, San Francisco, Spokane, Portland and Seattle—there's another.

A folder—simple, complete—tells all about it: coming worth knowing. If you want to reach any western city, you can have full, specific information about your best train and connections, cost of sleeping car fares, etc., and the table will be right.

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